

The Middletown Transcript.

VOL. XXV.—NO. 9.

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, THURSDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 3, 1892.

PRICE, 3 CENTS.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

CLOTHING. FANCY GOODS LARGE ASSORTMENT

All kinds of goods are now open for your inspection. If you wish to make presents or purchase for yourself you will find it to your advantage to call and see us. Our stock is complete and prices low.

Dress Goods.

We have a nice line of Ladies' Dress Goods which we are offering at low figures.

Notions and Novelties.

Ladies' and Gents' Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs; also a beautiful line of Mufflers.

Ladies' Coats. Ladies' and Gents' Neckwear.
Mens, Boys' and Children's Clothing and Overcoats.
Fancy Baskets. Carpet Rugs.
Hats and Caps. Groceries.

W. H. MOORE & CO
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

IMPORTANT.

EXCELLENT OVERCOATS, STORM COATS
AND SUITS, FRESH AND STYLISH GOODS
\$10, \$12. BOYS' SUITS, \$4. BOYS' OVER-
COATS, \$3.

JACOB REEDS' SONS,

918, 920 and 922 Chestnut St.,

PHILADELPHIA.

Mr. Nathan R. Peacock is still with the above named firm, and solicits share of your patronage.

RICE'S RICE'S
FRESH OYSTERS,
FRESH CONFECTIONERY,
FRESH FRUITS.
Best Brands of Cigars.

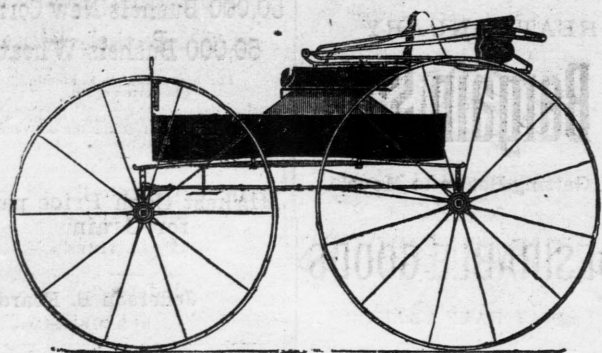
NO OLD STOCK ON HAND.

Our Christmas sales took away everything. The New Year finds us with an entirely new stock. Notwithstanding Christmas is over we will have in a few days a full line of toys. We keep them all the year round. Dolls a Specialty.

E. B. RICE, Middletown, Del.

DUGGAN CARRIAGE WORKS.

ODESSA, DELAWARE.



Manufacturer of light and heavy Carriages, for sale and to order.

PAINTING AND REPAIRING

NEATLY, QUICKLY AND CHEAPLY DONE

Prices Moderate and Satisfaction Assured.

Correspondence solicited. **F. DUGGAN, Proprietor**

BOOTS.

We still have an assortment of Winter Boots. Not as many as earlier in the season but enough kinds to give you a chance to get suited. Plenty of time yet to wear them.

— IN RUBBER BOOTS —

The "Woonsocket" Leads

For Good Wearing Qualities.

BOOTS.

All Sales for Cash.

EDWIN PRETTYMAN, Middletown, Delaware.

Miscellaneous Adv's.



A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength. Latest U. S. Government Food Report.

Where Ignorance is Bliss

It is Folly

To be Wise.

ASK the question. Why can't Parker make and sell harness cheaper than any one that only makes and sells 50 to 75 sets a year? How do we sell from 100 to 150 sets a month? Surely it is not because they are good-for-nothing. The people are not all fools. A nimble squire is better than a slow shilling. How is it done then? Simply by buying goods from first hands, not from jobbers who must have the profit you are entitled to. Cutting and making them up in large quantities. Understanding the improved method—in short, being practical. Then again, which is the better, selling 75 sets of harness a year at a profit of \$4 to \$8, or selling 1000 sets at a profit of \$1.50 to \$2.50 a set? Don't you see. When I depended on a local trade, I was continually crying down other work than my own—too common, too cheap, won't last, etc., etc. The people bought it all the same. So I concluded I would make it for them. I claim to know something about the harness business, and have some pride in my reputation as a manufacturer. That being the case, do you think I could jeopardize my standing & I know what I am doing. All manner of things are said and done in opposition to new methods. Why not improve on the harness line as upon any other? What is the matter with the W. L. Douglas machine-made shoes? What is the matter with machine-made clothing? What is the matter with factory-made blinds, doors, &c. &c. What is the matter with factory-made harness? Why nothing, only the price. Who could think of competing with our manufacturers of phosphate with a hoe. All I will say in conclusion: If you are needing a set of harness or anything in the line, come and see us. We have hand-made as well as machine-made, and will sell you the goods in quantities away down. Our Collars, Ropes, Harness &c., came direct from the manufacturers at a quantity price. We will give you ours also. If after seeing our goods for yourself, and heard our story, you are not interested, we will allow you to depart in peace.

He was a well set up old boy, with a face most pleasantly frank, close-cut gray hair, short gray whiskers, and a bristling white mustache. Across his forehead, cutting through his right eyebrow, was a desperate scar, that I at once associated in my own mind with the red ribbon of the Legion that he wore in the button-hole of his black frock coat. He looked the officer in retreat, and the very gentleness and sweetness of his manner made me sure that he had done some gallant fighting in his time.

As the train pulled out from the station—it was at far across that they had joined me—he drew forth from his pocket a black little wooden pipe and a tobacco bag. This was my opportunity. I also drew forth a pipe and a tobacco bag. Would Monsieur accept some of my tobacco? I asked. I had brought it from America, I added; it was tobacco of the Havana.

"Monsieur then is an American. That is interesting. And his tobacco is from the Havana, that is more interesting still. My cousin's son has been for many years in America. His name is Marius Guiraud; he lives in San Francisco, possibly Monsieur and he have met?"

Monsieur regretted that he had not had this pleasure, and explained that his home was in New York—three times as far from San Francisco as Marseilles was from Paris.

"Name of a name! Is it possible? How vast this America must be! And they tell me—here he struck a wax match and paused to light his pipe. He drew a dozen whiffs in silence, while on his face was the thoughtful look of one whose taste in tobacco was critical and whose love for it was strong.

"Thunder of guns, but it is good!" he exclaimed, as he took the pipe from his mouth and passed it lightly back and forth beneath his nose. "Had we smoked tobacco like this in the Crimea we should have whipped those rascals Russians in a single week. Ah, that we were without tobacco was the hardest part of all. I have smoked coffee grounds and hay, Monsieur, and have been thankful to get them—I myself, who well know what is good and what is not good in a pipe! This tobacco—it is divine!"

"This is the proof of it," he said, a little grimly, touching the scar on his forehead. "And this," his wife added, touching the bit of red ribbon in his button-hole. "He was the bravest man in all that war, Monsieur, this old husband of mine. His cross was given him by—"

"Tchut, little one! What does Monsieur care how I got my cross? It was not much that I did. Any man would have done the same."

"But the others did not do the same. They ran away and left thee to do it alone. Did not thy Majesty tell thee—"

"Ah, Monsieur hears what a babillarde it is. If she were given her own way she would swear that I commanded the allied armies, and that I blew up the Redan and stormed the Malakoff and captured Sebastopol all alone!"

"Tell Monsieur what thou didst do," said the little woman warmly. "Tell him truly precisely what thou didst do, and then let him judge for himself if what I have said be one bit less than thy due."

Notice.—All persons having claims against the estate of the deceased must present the same duly attested to the Administrator on or before December 29th, 1892, or the Act of Assembly in such case made and provided.

JANE S. JANVIER, Administrator.

FOR THE HONOR OF FRANCE.

"Pardon! Madame does not know that this is a smoking carriage?" "But yes, Monsieur is very good. It is that my husband would smoke. He is an old soldier. He smokes all the time. Ciel! They are like chimneys, these old soldiers. This man of mine regrets that he cannot smoke when he is asleep!"

While Madame delivered this address she continued to mount the steps, and as she finished she seated herself in the corner of the carriage opposite to me. She was short and round and sixty years old, and smiling like the sun on a fine day. Her dress was the charming dress of Arles, but over her kerchief she wore a silk mantle that glittered with an embroidery of jet beads. This mantle was precious to her. Her first act upon seating herself was to take it off, fold it carefully in a large handkerchief, and lay it safely in the netting above her head. She replaced it with a red knitted shawl, partly as a shield against the dust and partly as a protection against the fresh wind that was blowing briskly down the valley of the Rhone.

In a moment her husband followed her, bowing to me as he entered the carriage. Seating himself beside her, and giving her plump hand a little affectionate pat, he said: "It is all right, little one. Marie will receive her jelly in good condition. The jelly will not spill." Then, turning to me, he added: "My wife makes a wonderful jelly of apricots, Monsieur. We are taking some of it to our married daughter, who lives in Avignon."

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"And so bring Monsieur to know that I am a babbling old woman like myself?" He pinched her gently, and then settled himself back against the cushion as though with the intention of giving himself wholly to the enjoyment of his pipe: yet was there a look in his eyes that showed how strong was the desire within him—the desire that is natural to every brave and simple-minded old soldier—to tell the story of his honorable scars. Even had I felt no desire to hear this story, not to have pressed him would have been cruel. But little pressing was required.

"Since Monsieur is good enough to desire to hear what little there is to tell," he said, "and to show him how foolish is this old woman of mine, I will tell him the whole affair. It is a stupid nothing; but Monsieur may be amused by the trick that was put up on me by those great generals—yes, that certainly was droll.

"Our regiment, Monsieur, was the Twenty-seventh of the Line. It was drawn almost wholly from the towns and villages in these parts: Arles and Tarascon and Saint-Remy and Salon and Maitland and Chateau Renard—there is the old chateau, over on the hill yonder, beside the Durance—and Barbentane, that we shall see presently around the corner of the hill. We all were provençaux together, and the men of the other regiments of our division gave us the name of the Provence cats—though why they gave us that foolish name I am sure they never knew any more than we did ourselves. It was not because we were cowards, that I will swear; our regiment did some very pretty fighting in its time, as any one may know by reading the reports which were published in the gazettes of those days.

"Our division held Mont Sapone—the French right, you know—facing the Little Redan across the Carénage Ravine. It was early in the siege, and we had only drawn our first parallel; close against the Selinghink and Vallyrie redoubts, and partly covering the ground where we dug our rifle pits later on. But we were going ahead with our work fast, and already we had thrown up the little redoubts known as No. 11 and No. 15, that covered the advancing earthwork leading to where our second parallel was to begin. Redoubt No. 11 was a good hundred yards, and Redoubt No. 15 was more than three times that distance outside of our line; and everybody knew that these two advanced posts would be in great danger under our second parallel was well under way. So very possible was it that they might be surprised, and the guns turned on our own lines in support of a general attack, that in each of them spikes and hammers were kept in readiness against the need for spiking the guns before they fell into the enemy's hands. Our regiment lay just behind these redoubts, in the rear of the artillerymen who manned our trenches; and as the guns had plenty to do all day long, and through the night too, sometimes, the work of keeping up the night pickets fell to our share.

"It was while things were this way that I was on picket early one morning on our extreme left, close over the edge of the Carénage Ravine. I had come on with the midnight relief, and by five o'clock in the morning, when day was just breaking, my teeth were chattering and I was stiff with cold. Name of a name, but it was cold those winter mornings! We have nothing like it, even when the worst mistral is blowing, in our winters here in Provence. Down in the ravine there was a thick mist, into which I could not see at all. But every now and then a whiff of wind would come in from the seaward and thin it a little; and then I would give a good look below me—for it was along the ravine that any party sent out to surprise us almost certainly would come.

"It was while the light still was faint that I thought I heard, coming through the mist, a little rattling sound, such as might be made by a man stumbling and dropping his musket among the broken rocks. Just then he mist was too thick for me to see twenty feet below me. I was sure that something bad was going on down there, but I did not want to make a fool of myself by giving a false alarm. All that I could do was to cock my musket and to hold it pointed toward where the sound seemed to come from, all ready—should there be need for it—to give the alarm and get in a shot at the enemy at the same time. Truly, Monsieur, it seemed to me that I stood that way, while my heart went pounding against my ribs, for a whole year! I was no longer cold; the blood was racing through my veins, and I was everywhere in a glow. Suddenly there came a puff of wind, and as the mist thinned for a moment I saw that the whole ravine was full of Russians. Their advance already was half-way up the bank nearest to our works. In less than ten minutes the whole of them would be dashing into our out-

lying redoubts. As I pulled the trigger of my musket I tried to shout, but my throat was as dry as a furnace and I could only gasp. And—will you believe it?—my musket missed fire! Name of a name, what a state I was in! There was the enemy coming on under cover of the mist; and there was I, the only man who could save our army, standing dumb like a useless fool!

What I must do came to me like a flash. If I ran back inside of our lines to give the alarm, the chances were a thousand to one that the enemy would have the outlying redoubt, very likely would have them both, and would turn the guns before help could come. But I knew, at least I hoped, that there was time for me to get to the more exposed redoubt ahead of them and give the word to spike the guns. It was all in an instant, I say, that I found this thought in my mind, and my musket and cartridge-box thrown I don't know where, and myself dashing off through the mist across the broken ground like a deer.

"As I rushed into the redoubt, our men thought that I was the Russians; and when they knew me by my uniform for a Frenchman, and heard me crying in a hoarse whisper, 'Spike the guns!' they thought that I was mad. But the lieutenant in command of the battery had at least a little sense, even if he did not have much courage, and he looked toward where I pointed—and then he saw the shakos, as the mist lifted again, not a hundred feet away.

"Save yourselves, I will make the guns safe," he cried to his men—he was not all a coward, poor fellow—and as they ran for it he picked up the spikes and the hammer. Tap! tap! tap! one gun was spiked. Tap! tap! tap! another. Then we heard the Russians beginning to scramble up outside.

"He swore a great oath as he dropped the hammer. 'It can't be done. Run, cat!' he cried—and away he started after his men. The name that I called him as he ran away, Monsieur, was a very foul name; God forgive me for what I said! But I was determined that it should be done. In a second I had picked up the nails and the hammer, and—tap! tap! tap!—the third gun was safe. 'Run, cat!' I heard the lieutenant call again. But—tap!—I had the nail started in the last gun, and then, right above me, was a Russian major and with him a dozen of his men. Tap! and I had the nail half-way home as the major jumped down beside me, with his sword raised. I knew that I could parry his blow with the hammer and then, possibly, get away; but I wanted to make sure that that gun could not be turned. And so—it was quick thinking that I did just then, Monsieur—tap! and the gun was no better than old iron! At that same instant it seemed to me that the whole world burst into a tremendous roar and ten thousands blazing stars—but it only was the sword of that confounded Russian major banging against my skull!"

The little woman was almost sobbing. She took her husband's hand in both of hers.

"But you see that I was not killed, little one," he said; and he raised her hands to his and kissed them.

"It was not until the next day, Monsieur," he went on, "that I knew anything. Then I was in the hospital."

"How did it go?" I asked of the hospital steward.

"Shut up," said the steward.

"This made me angry. 'How did it go, polisson?' I cried. 'Tell me, or I'll crush your bones.'

"Then the man was more civil. 'The Russians were driven back,' he said, 'and a lot of them were captured. You owe it to the same Russian major who almost killed you that your life was saved. As soon as he was brought into camp he sent a message to the general begging that you might be looked after quickly. If there was any life left in you, it was worth saving, he said, for you were a brave man—and he told how you had spiked those last two guns. Parbleu, but for that message you would have died. When they brought you in here you were nearly gone.'

into camp the boys all cheered me, and I was as proud as a cock. And then, the first thing I knew, up came a corporal and a file of men and arrested me.

"What am I arrested for?" I asked.

"For being absent without leave from your regiment during battle," said the corporal, and marched me off to the guard-house. Then I was not proud at all. But I was very angry. That I should be arrested in this fashion did not seem to me fair.

"In half an hour back came the corporal and his file of men. This time they took me to head-quarters. In we went; and the corporal stood beside me, and his men behind me in a row. It seemed as though half the officers of our army were there; my colonel, the general of our brigade, the general of our division, half a dozen other generals, three or four English officers in their smart red coats; presently there was a stir—and in came the Emperor! What the deuce it all meant I could not tell at all!

"Private Labonne," said my colonel, he spoke in a very harsh tone, yet it seemed to me that there was an odd sort of twinkle in his eye—"you deserted your post, and you were absent without leave when your regiment went into action."

"Yes, but—"

"Not a word of excuse, Private Labonne. You know the penalty. I did know the penalty, of course; it was to be taken out and shot. I began to think that this was worse than the Russians!

"When shall I order the court-martial, your Majesty?" asked my colonel.

"I will be the court-martial," said the Emperor. 'This is a serious matter; this is a matter to be dealt with in a hurry. The case is proved. There is no need for a trial. I order Private Labonne to be shot right away.'

"I shivered all down my back. It was worse than the Russians; very much worse.

"Take him away," said my colonel.

The corporal put his hand on my shoulder and the guard closed in. 'March!' said the corporal.

"Stop!" said the Emperor. 'Private Labonne, before you are taken away and shot, tell me what you were doing in that battery.'

"Nothing, your Majesty."

"Nothing? I thought that I heard something about guns being spiked. Did not you spike a gun, Private Labonne?"

"Yes, your Majesty."

"Did not you spike two guns—and both of them after the gunners and the officer in command of the battery had run away?"

"Yes, your Majesty."

"And why did not you run away too, Private Labonne?"

"Because I wanted to spike the guns, your Majesty."

"You do not think, then, that it was your duty as one of my soldiers to save your life by running with the others?"

"This question puzzled me, for I certainly never had thought of the matter in that way at all. It occurred to me that perhaps I really had not done my duty. But what the Emperor said, for all that he was the Emperor, did not seem reasonable, and I made bold to answer him: 'If I had taken care of my own life, your Majesty, a great many of your soldiers would have died to pay for it. It would have been a bad day's work if those two guns had not been spiked, for the Russians certainly would have turned them on our lines.'

"The Emperor turned to my colonel. 'There is something in what Private Labonne says, eh, colonel? I suppose there really would have been the very devil to pay had the enemy turned those guns?'

"I suppose there would," said my colonel, a little grimly.

do it is only fair that your rank should equal his. Here is your commission, Major Labonne; and here is a 'little thing'—it was his own cross of the Legion that the Emperor gave me—that I want you to wear in remembrance of that day when you did as brave a piece of work as ever was done by a French soldier for the honor of France!"

"And so you see, Monsieur, it was only a comedy about my being shot, after all. Here is Avignon. You must wait for me a moment, little one, while I get the basket of jelly for Marie."—Thomas A. Janvier, in Harper's Weekly.

WASHINGTON'S FIRST LOVE.

IT WAS THE BEAUTIFUL MARY CARY, AND NOT HER SISTER, "SALLY" CARY.

In the drawing-room of Dr. J. D. Moncure (the able superintendent of the Eastern Lunatic Asylum, situated in Williamsburg), hangs the portrait of Mary Cary, renowned for beauty and bellech in a family where beauty is hereditary and pronounced. Her sister Sally became the wife of George William Fairfax, the near neighbor and intimate friend of George Washington. The oft-repeated tale that "Sally" Cary was the first love of the Father of his Country is so effectively refuted by a document courteously furnished to me by her great-grandson, Dr. Moncure, that I make no apology for piecing together his story to my own:

"George William Fairfax, of Belvoir (Virginia) and Poulton, Yorkshire, England, * * * married December 17th, 1748, Sarah, second daughter of Col. Wilson Cary, of Celeys, near Hampton, on James river. George Fairfax was the companion of Washington on his surveying tour for Lord Fairfax. Washington first met Mrs. Fairfax at Belvoir, near Mount Vernon, when she was brought home as the bride of George William Fairfax. Miss Mary Cary accompanied her sister Sarah to Belvoir, and there met George Washington. She was then but fourteen years of age. Washington was only sixteen. * * * He had never visited the low country near Williamsburg prior to this, and therefore could not have met Sarah Cary until her marriage. It is said that he fell in love at sight with Mary Cary, and went so far on his first visit to Williamsburg as to ask Colonel Cary for the hand of his daughter."

The big rawboned lad found scant favor in the eyes of the patrician planter. He was dismissed in terms so curt that we must bear in mind patrician pride and other extenuating circumstances if we would keep intact our idea of a fine old Virginia gentleman.

"If that is your business here, sir, I wish you to leave the house! My daughter"—the swelling emphasis rumbles down the corridor of years—"has been accustomed to ride in her own coach."

Tradition asserts that the chagrined suitor took the choleric parent at his word, and that the next time he looked upon the face of his early love was when he passed through Williamsburg on his return from Yorktown after the surrender of Cornwallis. A we stroll down the spiral street the window in the old Cary house is pointed out at which Mary Cary—now Mrs. Edward Ambler—stood to watch the parade. Washington looked up, recognized her and waved a smiling salute with his sword, whereat the lady fainted—a becoming and not difficult feat at an era when to swoon opportunely and gracefully was a branch of feminine education.—Marion Harland, in Harper's Weekly.

Seven Short Smiles.

"There is no accounting for taste," said the cook as she swallowed from time to time the soup she was making.—Washington Star.

A school journal advises: "Make the school interesting." That's what the small boy tries to do to the best of his ability.—Siftings.

It is all nonsense to doubt the story about the whale swallowing Jonah. He not only did it, but he got along swimmingly.—Lowell Courier.

Lawyer: Dennis, do you know the value of an oath? Dennis Tobitt: Not really; but when \$2 you gave me to swear I'm told is not enough.—Life.

"Are you engaged?" inquired the lady of Bridget at the intelligence office. "No mum, but I have regular company for four nights o' the week."—Boston Post.

Judge: If I let you off this time will you promise not to come back here again? Prisoner: Yes, sir. The fact is I didn't come voluntarily this time.—Boston Post.

You are charged with habitual drunkenness. What have you to say for yourself? Prisoner: Nothing, your Honor, nothing—only habitual thirst.—Drake's Magazine.

The Transcript

ABRAM VANDEGRIFT,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements will be inserted at the rate of fifty cents an inch for the first insertion and twenty-five cents an inch for each subsequent insertion. A liberal discount to yearly advertisers.

Local Notices ten cents a line for the first insertion. Death and Marriage Notices inserted free.

Subscription Price, one dollar per annum in advance. Single copy, three cents.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$1.00 A YEAR.

Thursday Afternoon, Mar. 3, 1902

THE *Evening Journal* says that Bach should either serve Senator Higgins as Private Secretary or be paid by the party for which he works. It does seem hard that the people should have to provide Bach with a living when he is of no possible use except as an organizer of the black contingent of the G. O. P.

THE banquet given by the Board of Trade last night brought together in a social way the business men of Middletown, and evidenced to the strangers within our gates that the quality of our hospitality is not strained. To the gentlemen who have striven to keep up an interest in these matters the thanks of the town are due. May the future bring many such pleasant occasions.

THE tendency toward dishonest political methods which is now characteristic of political parties and factions causes apprehension and alarm in the minds of many citizens of this great republic. Dishonesty and deception are the stock in trade of the Republican party, national, state and local, and under the leadership of certain manipulators would soon bear the same relation to the Democratic party.

THE new voting place at Port Penn will be a very great convenience to the people of that vicinity. There are quite a number of persons in the vicinity who have always found it inconvenient to go to Odessa, a distance of eight miles. Had the southern boundary been made a mile farther south, the convenience of some of the voters would have been better served, but taking everything into consideration the division is a good one. The people of Port Penn have been anxious for the change for many years.

One great advantage arising from the changes made necessary by the new laws, that the crowds which usually assemble at the voting places will be fewer in number and therefore less apt to be excited and unruly.

It is folly for the taxpayers of this country to spend their money in making a Republican argument before our State courts in political cases. When ever Democratic lawyers make up a case for the court the only sensible thing to do is to let the matter go by default. It always comes to that in the end, and money can be saved by recognizing this fact at the outset. The only place to secure good government in this State is at the polls.—Morning News.

This quotation is taken from among a number of silly editorials which appeared in the *News* of today. The imputation that the courts of this State are not impartial, that our judges do not regard the sanctity of their solemn oaths, meets with an indignant protest from every respectable citizen of Delaware.

MR. JAS. A. B. DILWORTH, in an article published today, takes exception to our remarks on the effect of the New York Convention upon national politics. We are of the opinion that the rules governing the calling of a convention were complied with, and such being the case the work of the convention will stand. On the other hand the methods employed by Senator Hill's friends, and which were certainly approved by Hill himself, were dishonorable and disgraceful. Mr. Dilworth is of the opinion that seventy-five thousand Democratic voters in the State will not vote for Hill if he is nominated; in this he may be correct, and it does seem monstrous that, under what is generally supposed to be a free government, these respectable and honest men should not be allowed to exercise the right to state their preference. Mr. Dilworth undoubtedly understands the situation, he is an observant man and takes a keen interest in political affairs. We are glad to be able to give our readers the benefit of his knowledge.

THE people have been deceived by the manufacturers in the guise of Republican politicians until there has been built up an aristocracy which is more powerful and more burdensome than any history chronicles as ever burdening the people of European countries. Favored classes, such as the pensioners, the tariff beneficiaries, the office-holders, constantly bear down upon the people through the men whom they send to Congress to represent them.

What is to be the result of this system? What will the people do when the tariff barons and the pensioners for instance, join forces against them? The demands of each class are constantly made in such an arrogant manner as to lead one to believe that they imagine the Creator had only them in view when this part of the world was made up. The idea that this government was established upon the broad principle of equal rights is apparently becoming obsolete. The class distinctions which so frequently make life a burden in other countries are rearing themselves within the confines of this republic where the oppressed of all nations were to find an asylum. The remedy is at hand.

Consumption may be prevented by checking a cough or cold in time, and nothing equals Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for throat and lung affections. 25 cts.

The Chancellors Decision.

Chancellor Saulsbury decided yesterday that the Levy Court has no right to strike names off the assessment lists as returned by the Assessors. This decision places the Republican members of the Levy Court in a very uncomfortable position. Their plea was to the effect that when they found names on the lists which they supposed to be fictitious that it was their privilege to strike them off. This they did to a very slight extent with the list of the Republican Assessors for one of the Wilmington districts.

When the lists of the two Democratic Assessors for that district came before the court the same method was pursued with the difference that the business was, in this case on the whole, a plan. W. P. Biggs asked the Chancellor to restrain the Levy Court from striking off the names and a temporary injunction was immediately granted. After a lengthy hearing and careful consideration of the case the injunction has been made permanent. The Levy Court cannot now materialize after the lists or in other words cannot make a new assessment.

The New Voting Places.

According to the provisions of an act of the Legislature passed at the last session New Castle County has been divided, for election purposes, as follows. The commission appointed for the purpose have named the following gentlemen as Inspectors at the new voting places:

White Clay Creek hundred, West Election district—Beginning on the depot road where it intersects with the boundary line between Pender and White Clay Creek hundreds, thence by the said road to the main street of the town of Newark, along said street to the creek road, thence to Booby run. Polling places, at Wilson's Hotel in Newark and in Christina.

Christiana hundred, North Election district—Beginning at the Brandywine creek at its intersection with Rising Sun road, along the Creek to New bridge, along Rising Sun road to the Kennett turnpike, to the Jackson Inn road, to the Lancaster turnpike, and thence to the boundary of the city of Wilmington. The voting place—Odd Fellow's Hall, Highlands.

Christiana hundred, South Election district—Beginning at the middle of the public road where it crosses Red Clay creek, along the said road east to the middle of the old Newport and Gap turnpike, north along the road that leads to Price's shop, along the road leading to Newport turnpike to the turnpike at Folly woods, and along said turnpike to the west boundary of the city of Wilmington—voting places at Marshalltown and Newport.

The lines of the New Castle hundred divisions have already been published in full in these columns.

Pender hundred—Beginning at the intersection of the State road with the state boundary line, by said state road northeast through the village of Glasgow to the boundary between Pender and New Castle hundreds. Polling places, Cooch's Mills and at the hotel in Kirkwood.

St. Georges, East—Beginning at the mouth of St. Augustine creek, along said creek to where it crosses the public road to Port Penn, along said road to Boyd's Corner, west to the Delaware railroad at Mt. Pleasant. The new voting place is at the hotel at Port Penn.

St. Georges, West—Beginning at the intersection of the state line with the road leading to Warwick, Md., with the said road and the main street of Middletown to Broad street, north to the Summit Bridge, north to the Chesapeake and Delaware canal. The new voting place is at Alexander Maxwell's hotel in Middletown. Appoquinimink hundred beginning at the intersection of the Delaware railroad, with the line dividing Blackbird and Appoquinimink hundreds, following the railroad north through the village of Townsend to Silver Lake on the southern boundary of St. Georges hundred. The new voting place is at D. B. Maloney's office in Townsend.

Blackbird hundred—Beginning in the centre of State Road at Duck Creek, extending north through the village of Blackbird to Blackbird creek. The districts are known as East to West, according to their position to this line. The new voting place is at V. O. Hill's hotel in Blackbird village.

"The following named are new inspectors for the districts: Christians, Highlands, North Election district, John S. Miller; Christians, Marshalltown South Election district, George M. Bennett; White Clay Creek, West Election district, Charles Leak; East St. Georges, Second Election precinct, Samuel Yearley; West St. Georges, Second Election precinct, T. H. Armstrong; Appoquinimink, East Election district, William B. Weldon; Blackbird, East Election district, Robert Higgins; New Castle, East Election district, James C. Jamison; New Castle, West, James B. Toman; New Castle, South, Lewis E. Ellison."

Stuart's Portrait of Washington.

Consul Gen. Sherman, of Liverpool, has informed the State Department of the discovery in the Isle of Man of a portrait of Washington, believed to be one of the three replicas by Gilbert Stuart from his original painting for the Marquis of Lansdowne, and also believed to be the identical portrait that was intended for the Executive Mansion. The portrait is owned by William Burrows and can be bought for \$5000.

Ships That Can't be Sunk.

By instructions of the Navy Department, the Newark will go down near Norfolk and fire 6-inch cannon balls through the sides of a big floating tank, lined with cellulose. It is claimed that the cellulose, as soon as the water touches it, expands like a sponge, thus stopping up the hole made by the cannon ball and rendering a vessel unsinkable. Great interest attaches to the experiment.

Letter From J. A. B. Dilworth.

[COMMUNICATED.]
MR. EDITOR: In your last issue, you express unqualifiedly the opinion that the delegates only from the state convention, held in Albany on the 22nd inst., should be admitted to the National Convention of the Democratic party. I am sure that you do not know the facts relative to that convention. It was not an expression of will of the Democratic party, it was only an expression of a very small portion of the party, and that portion of it which represents all that is abhorrent in politics.

The delegates elected to that convention from Chautauque Co. were refused admission into that convention by the committee on contested elections, unless they would subscribe to the declaration of the state committee that they would support the election of Gov. Hill, while the contesting delegates were admitted, although no semblance of a primary election was held in their case. The delegates elected from this same county to the State Convention which nominated Gov. Flower last fall were treated precisely the same way, and a set of delegates to be admitted were made by the committee on contested elections, or that was practically the case. Primary elections were held all over the State, without any previous call, to which only the selected friends of Gov. Hill were admitted; in fact most of the county elections were so conducted. In this city, primary elections were announced to be held in private houses in the majority of cases, and when the citizens met at those houses at the time appointed, in some cases they were refused admittance, but in most cases were told that the primary election had been held and the meeting had adjourned.

That is the way that most of the delegates to Hill's State Convention were elected and to claim that the Convention elected by such methods can be regular is absurd, and to claim that the great mass of Democrats of this State should not be represented in the National Convention would be degrading, not only to the democracy of this State, but of the whole country.

As an individual I prefer the defeat of the Democrats to their success if such success can only be reached by fastening upon us such an unholy system of politics as that which the Hill democracy of this State stands to represent. And let me assure you Mr. Editor, that the nomination of Senator Hill by the Chicago Convention will be an announcement by the National Convention that principles are to be subordinate to success, or at least such an action by that convention would be accepted by the great mass of men who have labored without the hope of reward, or ambition, for the success of the Democratic ticket in the past, believe such to be the deliberate work of a convention of the party, elected at a time when the apparent condition of politics leads them to believe that the time was ripe for an honest contest for a great principle, what other conclusion can you reasonably reach than that these honest, unselfish, Democratic voters will leave the ticket nominated by such a convention, for such a purpose, to attain that success without their aid.

It is my opinion, an opinion reached after many consultations with friends, that there are not less than 75,000 Democratic voters in this State who will not vote for Mr. Hill if that gentleman is nominated, but who will vote for almost any man who will vote for almost any man that the National Convention will nominate. JAS. A. B. DILWORTH.

New York City, Feb. 20, 1892.

Looking for Office.
Last night's *Evening News* says: "All the present Republican members of Levy Court are applicants for office with the exception of Mr. Hutchinson of Appoquinimink."

John W. Jolls is an aspirant for the position of county controller next fall. On being questioned he said, "If I can get the nomination without fighting for it I would accept. It is a good position and well worth having. Besides I am very much interested in the proposed new system of county book-keeping." A Republican stated that Mr. Jolls has at his hands, without opposition, the choice of nomination from his party of controller or commissioner from his district. Which ever he wishes to take he may have.

Levy Courtman James H. Clark stated this morning that he is a candidate for Levy Court commissioner of the Fourth district.

Levy Courtman Robert B. Simpler is a candidate for representative in General Assembly for Blackbird hundred. President of Levy Court Richard G. Buckingham is a candidate for commissioner next fall for the First district.

Levy Courtman Paul Gillis is a candidate for Sheriff.

This completes the list and the story of the political aspirations of the present Republican majority of Levy Court."

How's This.

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the past 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him. West & Trux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

There will be rejoicing among the friends of Chief Justice Comegys, of Delaware—and he has thousands of them—to know that there has been a favorable turn in his sickness, and that he is so far recovered as to be out of danger. He is one of that substantial class of citizens whom his countrymen are never ready to spare. —Philadelphia Record.

The Secret Of A Good Memory.

William H. Burnham, writing in *Scribner's*, says that whatever may be said in regard to training the memory, it must be remembered that memory is not, as is supposed, an independent faculty of the mind that in some mysterious way may be directly strengthened by exercise as the blacksmith strengthens his arm; but that memory as retentive is due to the plasticity of nerve-substance, and to the property of nerve-centres by which they retain in growth their functional modifications; and that recollection depends upon physiological conditions such as the cerebral circulation and the proper functioning of nerve-cells, moreover, that a complete act of recollection is a complex process involving comparison, inference, and the like. Hence, whatever in general is conducive to vigorous health, and whatever tends to habits of clear and orderly thinking—such conditions will aid recollection. And whatever is detrimental to the normal functioning of the nervous system, fatigue, intense emotion, or the like—and whatever blinds the judgment, will hinder recollection. In short, all psychological attitudes are on the head of him who has good health, sane emotions and trained power of attention. But no amount of study, nor all the prescriptions of mnemonic doctores, from Simonides to Loiseux (except so far as they train attention) can atone for anaemia of body or lack of the power of attention.

"My Daughter's Life"

Was saved by Hood's Sarsaparilla," says Mr. B. B. Jones of Alna, Maine. "She had seven running sores in different places on her body, but on giving her Hood's Sarsaparilla there was marked improvement and now she is well, strong and healthy."

James Honor, watchman at the Second National Bank of Elkhon, of which William T. Warburton of Elkhon is president, and William M. Singery, of Philadelphia, vice-president, states that at 2 o'clock Friday morning, three men after prying off the key plate attempted to open the rear door with skeleton keys. Honor fired 3 shots at them from an upper window. The bank officers think that Honor drew on his imagination, firing the shots unnecessarily.

Col. J. Henry Sellman, Collector of Internal Revenue, Baltimore, Md., believes in it for rheumatism. He writes:— "I have tried Salvation Oil and believe it to be a good remedy for rheumatism."

The "Doestriest Skule," was worth \$170 to the Dover M. E. Mite Society, clear profit.

Consumption Cured

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail in an enclosing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 320 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y. m-15

One application of Salvation Oil well rubbed in cured me of rheumatism in the arm of two months standing. I never intend to be without it. — H. B. KRAMER, Washington, D. C.

It speaks for itself in what a lady said of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup that her child of a most dreadful cough. It never fails to give speedy relief and permanent cure.

Miscellaneous Adv's.

That Tired Feeling
Is a dangerous condition due directly to depleted or impure blood. It should not be allowed to continue, as in its debility the system is especially liable to serious attacks of illness. It is remarkable how beneficial Hood's Sarsaparilla is in this enervating state.

Possessing just those elements which the system needs and readily takes, this medicine purifies the blood, and imparts a feeling of serene strength which is refreshing and satisfying. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best remedy for that weakness which prevails at change of season, climate or life.

That Hood's Sarsaparilla is one of the greatest medicines in the world. I say this for the benefit of all other tired out, run down, hard-working women. Hood's Sarsaparilla is not only excellent as a blood purifier, but for all other female complaints, even of long standing. — MRS. M. A. SCARLETT, Northville P. O., Mich.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. \$1.00 per bottle. Prepared only by C. H. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

PHILADELPHIA, February 22, 1892.
More than two hundred styles new Spring Fancy Dress Goods at 50 cents a yard!

Do you realize what a parterre of woven loveliness that simple statement tells of? Half dollar goods only. Smooth-faced Checks and Plaids, Illuminated Fancy Diagonals, Illuminated Fancy Chevrons, Fancy Striped Chevrons, Camel's-Hair Striped Chevrons, Camel's-Hair Striped Chevrons, stylish Scotchies, Chevrons, striped Chevrons, Baya—but what's the use? Empty words. They carry a mental picture to scarcely one

Wanamaker's.

reader in ten. Even to a trained Dress Goods man they mean next to nothing.

There's but one way to get at the beauty of these Stuffs—see them.

Bouncing bargains among them, too. For instance, these All-wool Checks (52 inches) were made to sell at \$1, five colorings.

Step along up the price line and big values are regularly the rule. Like this:

38-inch All-wool French Crepon, in 14 shades, 75c.
42 shades French Crepon, \$1.
42-inch French Crepon, in 9 shades, at \$1.25.

There are pleasure seeking groups about the Gingham every day. Gingham! The vastness of the stock, the crossing lines of values, the mingling of styles, the conglomeration of ideas, the bewildering maze of colors—all combine to create mental confusion.

Look along the lines. Leave out the Silk Stripes and Plaids, the Bedford Cords and all the rich ranges so beautiful that you question which gives richer results, the boll or the cocoon? Come along to the original Gingham of the period. The aristocrats from Glasgow at 40c. and 50c smile at you; the magnificent Colonial swells from Massachusetts Bay and the Providence Plantations—25c., so like the Scotch—laugh at you, and then the wonder of the day, the Novelty Gingham at 15c., break into cheers, such bargain cheers as you never heard before.

The advertiser pauses. 15c. or 50c.—which? Straighten that question—no, no, you must settle it. What greater witness to the grandeur of a stock? It bars the advertiser's path. He gives up the task of analysis and description of Gingham.

The Dresses and Costumes that are now ready to be shown are all new. You cannot find an old familiar in all the lot—no, not one. That is an element of progress in our stock of Women's Ready-made Garments. No grass nor weeds growing there. "Newness, freshness, novelty, alertness—" "Face-to-the-front" and "Forward double-quick" are the orders in the Wrap, Coat and Dress Departments.

These Dresses are exclusive almost entirely. Three-fourths of all that we show are to be found only here. And they are economical. Dresses at \$10 and less. Dresses at \$40 and over. The charm of elegant economy suffices the Dress Stock for this Spring.

The Moujik Coat of the Russians, the Bell Skirt, bodice of Tyrolean and Piedmontese, the English Box Coat—all touch and grace the Dress Stock.

French hand-spun Linen Sheets—the kind that has become famous wherever good, strong Linen Sheets are known. These are 24x28 yards and hemstitched at both ends.

Hemstitched Linen Pillow Cases, 22x36 inches finished, are \$1 a pair. Bolster Cases to match are \$1.25 each.

Some Towels are pleasantly mellow and sop up water like a sponge; some are hard and wiry and not much from the mop point of view—either good in their way. If you want a Towel soft as the moss in a marsh, and always thirsty, here it is; big (24x45 inches) and the price but 25 cents. \$3 a dozen. Fairly worth 35 cents. Two styles: colored border and plain white with damask border.

200 dozen full bleach Devon Huck Towels, washed ready for use, at 16 cents. Size 18x36 inches.

Nearly one hundred styles of new Suits and Trousers are ready in the Merchant Tailoring store. Not simply patches on cards, big, full pieces! The nattiest weaves of Europe and America are among them. Skillful fitters and cutters are behind them. The careful man, the most particular man can have the noblest sort of a Spring Suit on short notice—and a satisfying suit, too. At \$20 or \$25 the Suit (Trousers \$6.50) you can pick from more than half of the newest goods.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Miscellaneous Adv's

CAPITAL, - - \$500,000.00.
SURPLUS, - - \$70,000.00.

Security Trust and Safe Deposit Company.

519 MARKET ST., WILMINGTON, DEL.

MONEY UNEMPLOYED or waiting investment can be made to earn you interest if deposited with this company.

Investment Paid on deposits of money as follows: 2 per cent on deposits payable on demand, by check, same as banks; 3 1/2 per cent on deposits payable after 10 days' notice; 5 per cent on deposits payable after 30 days' notice. Special rates for large sums to remain for a year or longer.

SPECIAL ATTENTION given to the accounts of Ladies, also to those of Executors, Administrators, Trustees, Guardians and Receivers. The Company acts by authority of law as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, Receiver and Agent, and executes trusts of every description.

Correspondence solicited and full information furnished concerning any branch of the Company's business. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for pamphlet.

President, JAS. B. CLARKSON.
Treas. & Sec'y, JNO. S. ROSELL.
Vice President, BENJ. NIELSEN.

Directors, JOE H. CHANDLER, M.D.
Benjamin Nield, J. Davis Siler,
Henry C. Robinson, William M. Field,
Philip Finkett, Charles E. Fritz,
James A. Hart, William A. Capelle,
Henry F. Ebert, Wm. R. Brinkley,
Wm. P. Bancroft, Samuel G. Simons, May 13

WM. B. SHARP & CO.

MOURNING
—AND—
BLACK FABRICS.

Henrietta, Convert Cloth, Meriville, Washmore, Nun's Veiling, J. No. 1, Courtland Capes.

Gros Grain Rhadzanir, Claretta, Rhadzanir, Armure, Sain d'Iron, Ladine Cloth, Princetta, Sain Laxor, Louisenne, Sateen.

The Best Black Goods to buy.
The Best Black Goods to wear.
The Best Assortment here.

Fourth and Market Streets' WILMINGTON.

Having an over-stock of second hand Stoves, I am giving Bargains for Sixty days only. Any one wanting

a Double Heater Cook Stove will do well to call at once and examine my Stock and Prices.

W. S. LETHERBURY,

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE.

REGISTERS ORDER.

RECEIVED BY THE REGISTER'S OFFICE, NEW CASTLE COUNTY, DEL., December 24, 1891.

Upon the application of Jane S. Janvier, Administratrix of James J. Janvier, late of St. Georges Hundred, in said county deceased, it is ordered and directed by the Register of New Castle County, that the said Administratrix aforesaid give notice of granting of Letters of Administration upon the estate of the deceased, with the date of granting thereof by causing advertisements to be posted within forty days from the date of such Letters, in six of the most public places of the County of New Castle, requiring all persons having demands against the estate to produce the same, or abide by an Act of Assembly in such case made and provided; and also cause the same to be inserted within the same period in the *Middletown Transcript*, a newspaper published in Middletown, Del., and to be continued therein two months.

Given under the Hand and Seal of Office of the Register aforesaid, at Wilmington, in New Castle County aforesaid, the day and year above written.

J. WILKINS COOCH, Register.

NOTICE.—All persons having claims against the estate of the deceased, must present the same duly attested to the Administratrix or before December 24th, 1891, or abide the Act of Assembly in such case made and provided.

JANE S. JANVIER, Administratrix.

Address: McDonough St.

DR. T. H. GILPIN, DENTIST, MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

Teeth extracted without pain. NITROUS OXIDE GAS ADMINISTERED.

OFFICE HOURS: Eight-thirty to twelve A. M., and one to four P. M.

Having enlarged my office and added many new conveniences, I am able to offer my patients much greater comfort while under treatment than in the past.

NOTICE.

HORSES FOR SALE.

I announced a sale of horses and colts to take place in my barnyard, but having disposed of some of them at private sale, I would like to sell the balance privately also. Among them are some cheap mares, a couple of good general utility mares, one speedy mare bred to "Fresno," 3 years old, record last year, 2:38, and one mare bred to Longford, grandson of "Maine Brute" 2:27.

These horses can be seen at any time on the premises of John V. Hall, near St. Georges, Del. Feb. 13, 1892.

G. A. HARVEY.

WANTED—Small Farm to Rent.

TEN OR TWENTY ACRES, within 2 or 3 miles of Middletown, suitable for light trucking. Must be well fenced. Money rent. Address

dec-11 688 West Front St., Wilmington

For Sale.

40 Tons of Good Timothy Hay.

AT \$15.00 PER TON.

Call on or address L. G. VANDEGRIFT, Jr., dec-11 688 West Front St., Wilmington

JAMES A. KELLY, Wine Merchant!

Corner Tenth and Shipley Streets, Wilmington, Delaware.

Sample room attached. Telephone 417.

For Sale.

A nearly new improved Adams Windmill, 24 foot tower and pump. Also an Evans & Heald's horizontal Mill. Acetone, both of these for sale cheap. Address, for particulars, Box 25, Delaware City, Del.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

S. M. REYNOLDS & CO.

Now For HOSIERY.

More Hosiery now than at any other time during our career, and prices to suit all. We guarantee all of our Hosiery to be absolutely fast black, or money refunded, from the lowest to the highest price.

Ladies' Fast Black Hose, size 8 to 10, at 10, 15, 25, 35 and 50 cents.

Ladies' Mode and Tan Hose, sizes 8 to 9, at 15, 25 and 35 cents.

Misses' Fast Black Hose, sizes 5 to 9, at 10, 12 1/2, 15, 25 and 35 cents.

Infant's 1/2 Fast Black Hose, sizes 4 to 6, at 10, 15 and 25 cents.

Men's 1/2 Hose, Fast Black, sizes 9 to 11, at 10, 15, 25 and 50 cents.

W. M. B. SHARP & CO.

MOURNING

—AND—
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Henrietta, Convert Cloth, Meriville, Washmore, Nun's Veiling, J. No. 1, Courtland Capes.

Gros Grain Rhadzanir, Claretta, Rhadzanir, Armure, Sain d'Iron, Ladine Cloth, Princetta, Sain Laxor, Louisenne, Sateen.

The Best Black Goods to buy.
The Best Black Goods to wear.
The Best Assortment here.

Fourth and Market Streets' WILMINGTON.

Having an over-stock of second hand Stoves, I am giving Bargains for Sixty days only. Any one wanting

a Double Heater Cook Stove will do well to call at once and examine my Stock and Prices.

C. H. SALMON,
SUMMIT BRIDGE, DEL.

R R RENT.

on West Main street near oc-
c. M. Davis; electric light,
on 29th of March, next. Apply
G. E. HUKILL.

R R RENT!

on Cass street near
S. Beaton's; water in the
house and electric light,
on 29th of March, next. Apply
G. E. HUKILL.

FOR SALE.

containing farms, containing respec-
tively 20 and 22 acres. These are now
to be sold on reasonable terms
money.

GEO. W. INGRAM.